



BETHLEHEM
AND
ITS SURROUNDINGS

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BETHLEHEM

AND

ITS SURROUNDINGS.

BY

ELIZABETH K. CHURCHILL.



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BETHLEHEM, N. H.,

AND

ITS SURROUNDINGS.



WITHIN the last quarter of a century a great change has taken place in the traveling habits of Americans. The increased pressure of business and social life has made summer rest and recreation necessary for multitudes who once jogged contentedly along their narrow paths year after year, without feeling over-weighted by work and worry, or knowing the pressure of new wants springing from the more æsthetic culture which is in some form or other thrust to-day upon every household. Forty years ago, few of our country-people traveled except upon errands of business or friendship. A journey to Europe gave one local distinction. Even a jaunt to the White Mountains was attempted by few but artists, poets, and wealthy people who could afford to

indulge their fancies. City people who wanted change of air or recreation, went either to some near sea-side resort, or paid a visit to country relatives, often taxing seriously the overworked wives of the farmers.

Many of the loveliest places in America were unknown to tourists because so few diverged from the beaten track of summer travel. The multiplication of railways, of newspapers, records of travel, and the increase and diffusion of various stimulants to intellectual activity and cultured tastes has changed all that. We have become eminently a traveling people. Men and women of all degrees of culture, social position, and wealth, sail our seas and rivers, climb our mountains, descend into our valleys, and like one whose devious ways we do not seek to emulate, go "to and fro on the earth and up and down in it." This is well for both citizen and countryman. While the former renews health, and experiences a certain spiritual elevation from intimate contact with nature, the latter is enriched in purse and often refined in manner and feeling by acquaintance with those who have entered more widely than he into the vast and complicated life of the world.

With increase of travelers has come a change for the better in the attempts to establish familiar relations with natural scenery. This is especially true of White Mountain travel. Instead of hastening from one point of interest to another, jaded in body and wearied in mind, the greater number of mountain pilgrims establish themselves in boarding-houses, farm-houses, and cottages, and from these temporary homes sally forth in mountain wagons, carryalls, and buck boards, to enjoy in a comfortable and leisurely way the grand old hills. As a result of this change of fashion, farm-houses are enlarged and modernized, new villages spring up as by enchantment, and old ones enlarge their bounds.

Amongst those in New Hampshire which are rapidly becoming known as centres of interest is BETHLEHEM. According to Eastman, and some other authorities, this is the only point from which "Mount Washington can be viewed in its proper relative position. It commands a comprehensive view of the entire White Mountain range;" from its hill-sides, wide and delightful views of the Franconia Mountains and the lesser New Hamp-

shire hills, while in the distance rise the Green Mountains, and the Adirondacks. Its varied and extensive views, the dryness of its atmosphere, and the fact that it is the centre of many points of interest, — Mount Washington, the Flume and Profile, the White Mountain Notch, Jefferson, Lancaster, and other widely known places lying within easy riding distance, — commend it to yearly increasing numbers. So great are its advantages that although they have not been widely advertised through the press, its hotels and boarding-houses are, in the height of the season, full to overflowing, and there is a demand for cottages by those who prefer seclusion and home comforts, to gay crowds of strangers and hotel fare. Years ago, Starr King, who combined the exquisite sensibility of a poet and the trained eye of an artist, with unrivaled skill in descriptive language, wrote, "It is a great pity that Bethlehem is not one of the prominent stopping places for travelers who seek the mountain region. No village commands so grand a panoramic view. The whole horizon is fretted with mountains. . . . The town lies also at the favorable landscape dis-

tance from the hills." It is also the highest village east of the Rocky Mountains, lying 1,450 feet above the sea.

From the main street, running nearly east and west for a mile or more, the land slopes northward until it begins to rise in the Dalton Hills. The exquisite mists which before sunrise are seen like piles of fairy wool in this valley, arise from the Ammonoosuc River which winds through it. As the sun touches them they break and disperse in various fantastic forms, which as they rarely rise above the valley may be enjoyed without fear of lurking disease. Cherry Mountain with its long eastward and westward slope, lies to the northeast. The Dalton Hills, a broad, diversified chain, stretch along to the northward. Almost directly east, seventeen miles away, is Washington, its summit often veiled in clouds of airy grace. There is nowhere in the mountains a view of the whole range so satisfactory as this, where the monarch of all those proud heights is seen surrounded by his court in their subordinate places ; Adams, Jefferson, and Clay, at the left, being more conical, appear to rise higher than Monroe, Franklin,

Pleasant, and Clinton. Directly south of Bethlehem lies the Franconia range, with symmetrical Haystack and Lafayette towering above all their fellows. In the west are seen the peaks of the Green Mountains, with Mansfield and Camel's Hump; and far away to the northwest a wavy line of blue is said to be the Adirondacks. If there is elsewhere in the White Hills a point whence so grand a circle of mountains is to be seen, it has never yet been brought into notice.

STRAWBERRY HILL.

From a picturesque eminence in the village, called Strawberry Hill, a still wider and grander prospect is commanded. As its owner has laid a plank walk, built an observatory, placed seats on the summit, dedicated various knolls and groves to his favorite poets, and in other ways added to its native attractions, it is a favorite resort of æsthetic pilgrims. This spot is especially attractive at sunset, when the panorama of the day ends with a succession of pictures thrown upon the vast framework of the western horizon by the Artist whose vivid tints of crimson, gold, and

orange no copyist can reproduce. A few wise ones ascend Strawberry Hill to witness the marvel of sunrise, but most travelers are content to take its glory upon trust. There is a secret told at sunrise, but what it is, each soul must hear for itself.

Half way up the hill is a pretty observatory built by Ex-Governor Howard of Rhode Island, to whom the estate belongs. In it is a fine camera-obscura, which pictures with fidelity the shifting cloud forms and the landscape. Some visitors seat themselves upon the piazza of the observatory to enjoy the extensive prospect ; others pursue the path up the steeper ascent to the summit of the hill, where seats are placed to command a view of the western sky. If early, there is time enough to explore the woodland paths on the hillsides ; to penetrate a cool and inviting grove of spruces ; to find the guide boards that point to Mount Parnassus, Bryant's Ravine, Whittier's Knoll, and The Nest ; and to gather ferns and the lovely bunch-berries with which in some spots the earth is aglow. A vast semicircle of near and far mountain peaks are outlined against the evening sky ; the

Green Mountain Range most shadowy and indistinct of all.

Sometimes the sun, a red, fiery ball, sinks into a sea of opaline light ; at others he is attended by a vanguard and rear guard of clouds, whose exceeding glory is almost too much to bear, in piled up masses, or in long lines of rose and flame color and purple, suggesting the fantastic thought that they may be the mantles of the day's sainted dead, which, like Elijah in his triumphal ascent, they bestow as mementos upon those who love them.

There are rare evenings when the full moon stands out in round relief upon a background of dark sky ; and others, yet rarer, when lunar rainbows fill the fortunate observer with delight. The author vividly recalls one sunset scene from Strawberry Hill which was considered, even by the residents of Bethlehem, one of surpassing glory. The clouds which for several days had hid the giant-wall of the White Mountains from our sight, were lifted, when lo, a line of shining forms ! From base to summit, the white range was snow-clad, and farther south beautiful Lafayette

alone of the Franconia giants had put on his robes of light. The sky was clouded all day, and it seemed as though the mountains absorbed all the light in the atmosphere. The effect of their clear, pure outlines against the leaden sky and dark clouds was marvelous. The Mount Washington railway was clearly marked to the naked eye, and farther to the right the ledges were distinctly outlined because more snow had adhered to them. Later, clouds crept slowly up their sides and veiled them from us only to break again into soft masses and float away.

The sun went down leaving bars of gold on the horizon, and the watchers cried, "Look at the mountains." Then there was hurrying to and fro, in search of the most eligible spot to view the transfiguration, and exclamations of delight were lost in the ecstasy of gazing. First, a mountain on the extreme right was bathed in softest rose-color, which had a faint suggestion of gold. As it died, Jefferson began to glow. Soon the glory spread to Madison and Clay, until the whole line of sentinel forms were transfigured, as though the gates of heaven were swung wide, and the sea of

glass mingled with fire, the excellent glory which "eye hath not seen," was reflected upon the waiting mountains. Soon the lesser hills caught a fainter brightness, while the forests on the mountains not draped with snow were overspread with a purple hue. The light touched the windows of the farm-houses at their base, and they were aflame against the dark background. In the near fields that slope down to the valley beneath us, stood isolated trees, masses of crimson foliage, and maples with dashes of scarlet intermixed with their green branches. While we gazed and wondered at the surpassing glory, behold it was gone. Verily the hills as well as the heavens declare the glory of God, and the mountains show forth his handiwork.

Five miles west of Bethlehem is Littleton, a thriving town. No other village is in sight from Strawberry Hill, Whitefield being hid by intervening hills, but scattered farm-houses nestle in the valleys and gleam from the distant hill-sides. Beyond all is the mighty protecting circle of the mountains.

The railway up Mount Washington and the

Summit House are seen with the naked eye upon clear days, and a glass reveals the trains slowly ascending and descending. The upper half of Lafayette as seen from Strawberry Hill reminds many observers of the Jungfrau viewed from Interlachen. Fortunate are they who see it white with early snow, while the nearer woods are gorgeous in their autumn tints. The only element of beauty lacking here is a view of river or lake ; but there are few spots in the mountain region which can boast both lakes and high hills in the prospect. Whitefield Pond is but a few miles distant, but a hill rises between it and Bethlehem. To the absence of bodies of water as well as to the elevation of the village may be attributed its absolute immunity from the autumnal catarrh known as hay fever. There are but two other localities in the whole region which venture to compete with Bethlehem as a sanitarium for the sufferers from this unromantic disease. In several instances relief has been gained here in a few hours after trial of other highly recommended spots had proved useless.

MOUNT AGASSIZ.

An eminence giving a wider outlook than Strawberry Hill, is Mount Agassiz, a hill lying to the southeast, and within easy walking distance of the village. Its ascent is not difficult, a winding path through woodlands where treasures of moss, ferns, and scarlet bunchberries delay their admirers, leading to the summit. The most favorable time for the ascent is the hour before sunset, when the mountains reflect the varied colors of the western sky. One who turns from the last lingering ray of the sun to see the full moon float over the crest of Lafayette, enters into the emotion that prompted the sublime poems of David, and their personification of stars and mountains as sentient and adoring beings. It is not difficult at such moments to believe with Tyn-dall, that what is termed inanimate nature may have a consciousness which fails to impress us solely because of our incapacity to observe and weigh its faint and subtle evidences.

Eight years ago a wolf weighing eighty-four pounds was trapped on Mount Agassiz, but as he had doubtless strayed from a remote wil-

derness, and, moreover, as wolves are not appropriate summer guests but more in accord with winter solitudes, no fear of wild beasts disturbs our peace. If, however, one longs to interview a bear or a wildcat, it may be possible to secure that pleasure by taking into council one Allen Thompson, who, having hunted for forty years over the mountains, and run boundary lines through the forest, is authority concerning the habits and haunts of our wild, four-footed kindred. A person worth knowing is the quiet-mannered man who can unfold tales of wildwood life which have the flavor of Cooper's novels.

The more important excursions to be taken from Bethlehem are to Mount Washington, Franconia Notch, the White Mountain Notch, Jefferson, Conway, Lancaster on the Connecticut River, the shire town of Coos County ; long famed for the beauty of its meadows and trees, and distant view of the mountains ; and Dalton, also on the Connecticut at the head of the rapids.

MOUNT WASHINGTON.

The pilgrim to Mount Washington must rise

betimes in order to reach its base in time for the first train up the mountain. This is not a misfortune, as many persons in consequence enjoy the sunrise who have nearly all their lives taken its marvels upon trust. The happy few whose sound health enables them to rejoice in mere existence, are exhilarated by starting at dawn. Were the driver to announce the land of Beulah as the object of the day's excursion, none would dispute him. Rivers of mist fill the valleys, which break into shining patches, and melt away as the sunlight touches them. The road leads past the Twin Mountain House, along by the upper Ammonoosuc, that ubiquitous river which greets us with its wild music go we east or go we west; past Fabyan's, whence the road is rougher, and past the Falls of the Upper Ammonoosuc with its boiling waters and stratified rocks, worn into smooth basins by the force of the water. These falls deserve longer study than can be given them in a brief call on the way to or from the mountain.

The price of a ticket to the top of Mount Washington is three dollars, or four dollars if a return trip is included. Those persons who

feel timid about the ascent by steam-power, have only to observe the regular motion of the cog-wheels as they play into the ratchets, and the device for checking the engine suddenly, if necessary, to feel reassured. As we rise high and higher, we are reminded of the tower of Babel, which seems to have been a less audacious scheme than this railway. The builders of Babel evidently did not realize the difficulties of their undertaking, especially the atmospheric obstacles, which science had not at that early day revealed ; but the projectors of this railway up the steep mountain-side, have demonstrated by their success that they were wiser in their day and generation.

As we ascend, peak after peak comes into view, and many valleys, with a wide expanse of country, revealing villages, hamlets, and solitary farm-houses far apart. There is time while we stop at the half-way station to step out of the car and gather the fragile little white blossoms which Agassiz pronounced to be the same kind as those which grow amidst Alpine snows, and to which Mrs. Sigourney likened women, — “The paths of man and woman are marked out by Him who bids the

oak brave the fury of the tempest, and the Alpine flower lean its cheek on the bosom of eternal snows." They do not bear transplanting; perhaps can only thrive, like some souls, amidst winds and tempest, with brief summer sunshine and heat.

The effect of the vast shadows on the mountains below us is wonderful and indescribable. We pass the deep ravine called from a fancied resemblance in outline, the Gulf of Mexico, and go up Jacob's Ladder, a steeper part of the railway that is supported far above the earth by trestle-work. The ascent from base to summit of Mount Washington, consumes two and a half hours, and the same slow rate is maintained in descending as in ascending.

The vast and sublime view from the top, as also the Summit House and Signal Station, have been so often described that nothing remains to be said about them. It is well to remain a night in the cheery hostelry in order to see the sun rise. Those who have had the good fortune to witness the glowing orb mount into the ether undimmed by a cloud or veil of mist, speak of the scene as indescribable and overpowering.

WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH.

The White Mountain Notch is easily accessible from Bethlehem, the road being the same as that to Mount Washington until you reach the Fabyan House. The extension of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railway opened through the Notch recently, while affording its travelers grand views, has wrought sad havoc with the wild wonders of the Notch itself. Gone is the gateway whose stupendous walls of rock approached each other so closely as to leave only room for a narrow road, and many of the rocky outlines which bore real or fancied resemblance to animals ; all sacrificed to the demand of the iconoclast steam. Heaven defend Franconia Notch from his inroads, or any form of "improvement."

In the White Mountain Notch, which is often called Crawford's Notch, in honor of the brave old pioneer who kept the first inn in this region, mountains, ravines, and cascades blend their charms to make the region one of the most sublime and impressive manifestations of Nature on this continent. Bayard Taylor says of the view from Mount Willard, "As

a simple picture of a mountain pass seen from above, it cannot be surpassed in Switzerland. Something like it I have seen in the Taurus, otherwise I can recall no view with which to compare it."

Its savage grandeur is most sublime and impressive. Far in the distance, facing the observer who looks down the valley, is the mighty cone of Chocorua. On the right is Mount Willey, forest-clad, the Willey brook leaping down with a rushing sound that ascends even to the height whence the horses seen passing along the valley road look like ants for size. It is easy to trace the line of the avalanche that swept away the Willey family, by the difference between the trees that have grown over its path and those that are many years older. On the left rises Mount Webster, sterile and grim of aspect; Mount Willard is, without question, a favorite resort of the fairy folk, as is indicated by the great number of harebells, which, swinging on their slender stems, as authorities say, chime the fairies to their sports.

Mount Willard may be ascended either on foot or in a mountain wagon drawn by stout and trustworthy horses.

It is good to be on such a spot as Mount Willard, provided a selfish and artificial life has not hermetically sealed all the avenues through which the Creator quickens the nobler and finer part of our nature.

“Life’s burden falls, its discords cease, —
I lapse into the glad release
Of Nature’s own exceeding peace.”

There are many attractions in the vicinity of the Notch, the Silver Cascade, whose waters fall about eight hundred feet, being one of the most noteworthy. A little way down the valley is the Willey House, which will long remain an object of pathetic interest, by reason of the sad mischance which resulted in the instantaneous death of an entire family.

FRANCONIA NOTCH.

Another excursion is to the Franconia Notch. To many persons this is a more attractive trip than that to Mount Washington, as it crowds into the compass of a few miles Echo and Profile lakes, the Great Stone Face, the Pool, the Basin, and Flume, with the ascent of Lafayette, Profile, and Cannon mountains if desired. The mountain climbing must be omitted if

one has but a day for the Notch. The drive from Bethlehem through Franconia valley is delightful.

If it is possible to crowd into one day more enjoyment than is afforded by a drive to the various objects of interest in Franconia Notch, we hope the tale may be told to the world.

Echo Lake, the Great Stone Face, the Pool, Basin, and Flume, all within a radius of about seven miles, constitute a group of marvels which are more romantic than any other collection of Nature's freaks.

The drive from Bethlehem leads up the Mount Agassiz road and through the Franconia valley. From the hill above Bethlehem a lovely prospect, including the Llandaff valley, compels one to stop and gaze. Soon the Franconia range fronts us, beautiful Lafayette highest of all the peaks. After descending the hill and passing through an intervale and a fragrant pine forest beyond which in the Franconia valley are the Franconia and Lafayette houses, we ascend another hill on which is situated the Profile House farm. From this point until we near Echo Lake there is a toilsome ascent of nearly three miles. It would

be tedious as well as toilsome were it not for the forest harmonies which surround us and lure the senses away from such realities as tired horses and jolting vehicles. Far down on the right, concealed by the trunks of huge trees and their interwoven boughs, a swift-running brook sends up the music of its mimic waterfalls to our grateful ears, while the giant-forms which throw their shadows across our path recall Longfellow's grand lines, —

“This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the
hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green indistinct in the
twilight,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their
bosoms.”

Echo Lake is a limpid sheet of water surrounded by beautiful scenery; but its chief attraction is in the echoes, which have a weird and solemn effect, whether they be of the human voice, or the cannon which for a consideration the man in attendance will discharge, and which awakens reverberating echoes from the mountains like peals of thunder. The sweetest echoes are in response to a horn blown upon the shore, which reach the listeners with wild music dying slowly, like

“The horns of Elfland faintly blowing.”

A winding and gently descending road, kept in excellent order by the proprietors of the Profile House, takes us in a few minutes from Echo Lake to the most popular hotel in the mountains. The history of this house would be interesting, as also would be a description of its culinary and other arrangements, but each one would make a book of itself.

The spot from which one should look for the cannon-shaped rock on Cannon Mountain is in the rear of the grounds, just before the house is reached. This mountain is on the south side of the hotel, and seems immensely high as one looks up at it. On its top, or on that spur of it latterly called Profile Mountain, is a beautiful lake, once known as Lake Mauran, but lately renamed Lonesome Lake. Two gentlemen have a cosy hunting lodge near it.

On the north of the Profile House rises, austere and craggy, Eagle Cliff, where once a pair of eagles nested that were driven away by the disturbance caused by curious visitors.

It is but a short distance from the Profile House to the spot commanding the most satisfactory view of the Great Stone Face, or Old

Man of the Mountain. Not the slightest exercise of imagination is required to see the resemblance of this awe-inspiring outline to a human face. It is twelve hundred feet above Profile Lake at the base of the cliff, a little gem of a lake often called the Old Man's Mirror. The majestic Old Man has a stern, weary look, like one who, without power to reform or to alleviate, has been compelled to look down on the sins and sorrows of unnumbered generations.

It is five miles from the Great Stone Face to the Flume, but there is so much of interest on the way that it does not seem half that distance. The Basin is a smooth, round bowl in the solid rock, between thirty and forty feet in diameter, holding clear, sparkling water, about fifteen feet in depth. A cascade falls into it from above. The Pemigewasset, flowing at the base of the mountains, has hollowed out this huge bowl by the long continued action of its waters. If one has time to cross it on a fallen tree above the Basin, and penetrate into the forest beyond, a number of lovely cascades leaping down the mountain side in mad haste reward the search.

Few persons experience disappointment on their first visit to the rocky fissure, or trap dike, called the Flume, whose perpendicular walls, twenty feet apart and several hundred feet long, are from fifty to sixty feet high. Ferns and mosses cling to their sides wherever there is a handful of soil to nourish them. At the upper end of the chasm the walls approach each other; and here, caught between them and suspended high in air, is the famous boulder, weighing many tons.

The stream of water which ripples over the polished stone bottom of the Flume, and which in spring is a roaring torrent, adds much to the wild and wonderful beauty of the place. Returning from the Flume, we diverge from the road to follow a path on the right leading to the Pool. A walk of half a mile brings us to this great natural well, which is one hundred and forty feet deep from the top of the rocks and about one hundred and fifty feet broad. The water in it, which enters by a cascade at its upper extremity, is nearly forty feet deep.

All this sight-seeing may be compressed within the limits of one day if it is desired;

and a glorious sunset enjoyed on the route homeward to Bethlehem. Still, it is better to remain a night at the Profile House and occupy at least two days with these wonders.

LANCASTER.

Another favorite drive, though much less romantic than the two preceding ones, is to Lancaster, distant about fourteen miles. Leaving the main road near the Maplewood House, we descend into the valley known as Bethlehem Hollow, and cross the railroad. A pleasant drive of six miles along the foot of Kimball Hill and past Montgomery Pond, brings us to the thriving village of Whitefield. Some large saw-mills are apparently at the foundation of the prosperity which is visible here. The village itself presents no especial attractions for summer guests, although there are some very charming outlook points near by, the most notable being that at Mountain View House beyond the village, where there is a wonderful view of Mount Washington and the White Mountain range. From Whitefield the road takes us between the twin summits known as the Lancaster Hills. Lancaster is

a trading village of considerable importance. It has a broad and beautiful street lined on both sides with attractive stores. There are five or six churches here. The one most recently erected is of Gothic architecture, and is an ornament to the town. It was built by the Episcopalians. By walking a mile or so from the village one can obtain some grand views of the hills ; and the drive along the Connecticut is delightful on both sides of the river. The Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad passes through Lancaster, joining the Grand Trunk at Northumberland, ten miles farther on. About half way between Bethlehem Hollow and Whitefield, a short turn to the right leads up a long and steep ascent to

KIMBALL HILL.

On the top of this, in the midst of a rare grove of birches, is a tower seventy feet high. If its top does not reach to heaven it touches Paradise, on favorable days. High as it is, the tops of some of the birch-trees reach up beside it. What a glorious outlook ! Again a vast circle of mountains surrounds us. One, far away in Vermont, reminds us of a

couching lion. The Adirondacks seem very far away, but we can see them. Turning from point to point we cannot tell which pleases us most. We can see far into Franconia Notch, and even detect the great Profile itself, but the mystical charm of its sadness is lost. The landscape in all directions is one of which the eye would never weary. Descending from poetry and the top of the tower to prose at its foot, we may refresh ourselves with toothsome cakes and delicious milk kept there for sale. The region all about is an excellent wheat country. As we nibble our cookies we talk with the woman in charge, and learn that she has lived twenty-eight years at the neighboring farm, and in that time has bought but one barrel of flour.

JEFFERSON HILL.

At Whitefield, a road to the right leads to Jefferson. The route is not especially interesting until Jefferson Hill is nearly reached. This is a favorite boarding village. It has several commodious hotels which are well patronized. This is the best point for near views of the White Mountain range, and is a favorite

spot with those who are disinclined or unable to walk or drive, the best prospects being attainable from the windows and piazzas of the hotels. A good-natured rivalry exists between the Jeffersonians and Bethlehemites, the former boasting their nearness to the high peaks, and the latter priding themselves on the beauty of their drives and rambles, their proximity to Franconia Notch, etc. Whether Bethlehem or Jefferson Hill is the highest village in New England was long disputed. The question is now settled, as Professor Guyot, the eminent geographer, has put it on record that Bethlehem is some two hundred feet the higher. They are both fair and delightful spots, at all events. It is easy to ride to Jefferson and return to Bethlehem on the same day. If one is certain that the road from Jefferson to the Twin Mountain House is in good order, it is pleasant to return by that hostelry instead of by the Whitefield road.

LITTLETON.

A buck-board ride to Littleton ! Probably there are but few visitors who do not once in the summer enjoy a ride to Littleton by the

conveyance which belongs especially to mountain resorts, a buck board. The road is as a whole excellent. For the first mile it leads through a lovely piece of woods much frequented by the fern collectors. The maiden-hair fern is found in one spot and is eagerly sought by young and old of both sexes. An invalid clergyman who spends his summers in Bethlehem, has a collection of ferns which is the envy of all beholders. After descending the hill where the terrible wash-out occurred during a summer tempest of unequaled violence a year or two ago, new-comers generally take the first turn to the right, and pass along by a beautiful brooklet-winding down among gnarled old trees, and then through the scythe factory village, to Littleton. This is the most important village in northern New Hampshire. It has three hotels, three or four churches, a bank, a newspaper and job printing office, a fine academy, several mills and planing works, the photographic manufactory of the Kilburn brothers, who yearly send out immense quantities of stereoscopic pictures of American and foreign celebrated spots, and a large number of retail stores. On Saturdays

when the farmers congregate, the wide street presents an animated spectacle. A fine bridge crosses the Ammonoosuc at a point near the railway station. It is wise to return to Bethlehem over the hills, as a grand prospect is afforded from Wallace Hill and other points. The Old Astronomer, a huge stone face, which lies upturned to the sky, is also worth noticing.

DALTON.

If one is disposed to take a long drive, we commend the journey along the Dalton range, over Mount Misery, to the famous Sumner place. A notable spot on this road is the Elijah Allen farm, about a mile from Littleton, on the crest of a long hill known as Mann's Hill. From the brow of the hill, in one of Mr. Allen's pastures, the valley of the Ammonoosuc can be traced for twenty miles. Mount Washington is seen in the extreme east, while Bethlehem and the Franconia range are nearly opposite, and seen to great advantage. For several miles, after leaving the Allen farm, the view continues charming, but the greater part of the way to Dalton is

more interesting by reason of its romantic loneliness than from anything else.

Had we space, we would like to describe the remarkable man who fills so large a place in the history of Dalton; who, in fact, makes its history. The name of Colonel Sumner appears on the township map as the owner of sixteen different tracts of land. He was a large operator in lumber, and appears to have been a man of broad views and venturesome enterprise. Judging from the dwelling-houses and stores built by him and now left to decay, his dream of building up Dalton into a place of importance failed to be realized. The large house which he built for his private residence, is now used as a hotel. Several oil paintings, said to have been brought from Europe by Mrs. Sumner, hang in the sitting-room, and have a local celebrity. Contrary to the usages of most country gentlemen in America, Colonel Sumner always arrayed himself in full dress for dinner. He died in the summer of 1874, at an advanced age.

WATSON'S FARM.

Those who spend but a day or two at Beth-

lehem, not only miss the charm which comes only from familiarity with a landscape, but some of the most delightful drives in the mountain region. One of the most enjoyable of these shorter excursions is that to Watson's farm, lying about three miles southwest of the village. A gentle ascent, past farm-houses and along a road commanding a fine prospect of Littleton and the Dalton Hills, leads to the brow of Breakneck Hill, down which one may drive, provided he have manageable horses and strong harness, to the Franconia Iron Works, a long, straggling village in the Franconia valley. If Watson's farm is our object, we forego the dizzy pleasure of the steep descent, and turning abruptly to the left, find the farm shortly lying in the full gaze of Lafayette and his court. Passing through the farm-yard by a gate which for a small fee a lad opens at our approach, we drive through a field, by a flourishing vineyard of hops, to the boundary wall, from which the land slopes away to a valley. If the excursion has been wisely timed, either in the early forenoon or late afternoon of a day in which the too garish sunlight is checkered by

floating clouds, the exquisite scene makes an indelible impression upon the visitor. The mountains look very near ; indeed, they are but about a half dozen miles away. Their sides are covered with dark forests, which as well as the bare crests are steeped in a deep purple tint. If the gazer be of the fortunate few who stay amongst the hills late enough to see Lafayette shining with early snow, while the grass is yet green, and oaks and maples are fluttering their crimson and scarlet signals, he will feel the significance of Mrs. Browning's emphatic testimony, —

“ Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God.”

Far to the west are grand outlines, too, hardly to be distinguished from the low hanging clouds on the horizon, but the nearer masses absorb the attention. We recall the sympathy of one of our friends for the mountains, to whom they seem dumb, helpless monsters, unable to utter their complaint. They do not so impress us, but rather as self-contained, knowing themselves the sources of manifold effluent and helpful energies ; many-eyed, brooding sentinels of the world ; inter-

preters of the speech which day utters unto day.

SWAZEY FARM.

A still wilder glimpse into the heart of the Franconia Mountains is had from the Swazey farm, the road to which lies to the east of the village. This gives a view all wildness and sublimity. No sign of human habitation breaks the spell, and instinctively the eye scans the mountain side in search of the wild beasts which, we feel sure, must lurk in the primeval wilderness that climbs toward the stern tops of the mountains. From the road to the Swazey farm, a good view of Jefferson may be had, and the Twin Mountain House is also plainly discernible. Cruft's Ledge, upon which the owner has obligingly placed some portable settees, affords about the same prospect as the Swazey farm, and may be resorted to by those who prefer walking to driving. The Swazey farm overlooks the weird Gale River country, which next demands our notice.

GALE RIVER.

A drive of exceeding wildness, but less known to pleasure seekers than those of which

we have spoken, is along the bank of Gale River, a narrow, wild stream abounding in trout, and a region which was once a favorite resort of deer. It is but about thirty years since our friend—the hunter of whom we have spoken—shot from one spot, in one winter, forty-seven deer, which his dog drove down from the mountains.

Taking the road to the Notch, we leave it about three miles from Bethlehem, turning to the left and following Gale River, where we find ourselves at once in a wild country. Through the fringe of trees we catch glimpses of the near river, which rushes with mad haste over its stony bed. The road leads to a farmhouse, an abandoned mill and houses, the latter having been used when a good deal of logging was done in the neighborhood. Beyond the farm-house is only a logging road of the rudest sort, but with care it may be driven over for about three miles up the south branch of the river. We tilt over rocks, jounce over log bridges, and experience a variety of novel sensations. A luxuriant growth of raspberry canes covers the road; the clivers cling to the fragile support of

wayside shrubs, a mass of matted green, covered with tiny white blossoms. The thick, dark green sprays of the tea-plant are frequent. The steep hill-sides, covered with forest and tangled undergrowth, look like the coverts of wild beasts. The writer once joined a party of friends who hitched their horses at the end of the logging road and followed the path on foot. They had the good fortune to see in the moist earth at the base of a tree stump, the lately made track of a bear. Bruin had been pawing out an ants' nest. A part of the south branch of the river has rocky, precipitous sides ; trees overshadow it ; dark, iron-like seams traverse its rocky bed. As we advance, the scenery becomes yet wilder. The stream rushes with force between high rocky walls ; its bed is strewn with boulders. The bank is so high as to shut us in from observation of the surrounding country, and we listen eagerly to our Bethlehem hunter as he tells in his quaint fashion of days spent in the mountain solitudes, of encounters with bears and wolves, of chasing deer down this rocky pass, which we at once name the *Deer Pass*. He makes our adventurous blood to thrill with

pleasure as he discourses of water-falls, and bottomless pools, far in the mountain solitudes, unvisited but by himself; of seams of smoky quartz crystals, and of all the wild, free life of the woods. Reluctantly we retrace our steps and return to the commonplace realities of hotel life.

Sugar Hill beyond Franconia has near and delightful views of the Franconia Mountains, with the White range in the distance. It is famed for its fine maple groves, and a rock full of garnets, named the Agassiz rock, in memory of him who discovered its rare nature.

AROUND THE HEATER.

It takes about an hour to go "around the heater." We will suppose ourselves starting from the western end of the village near the Bellevue House. Turning to the left we reach the top of a long hill by an easy ascent. The air is exquisitely pure. A half mile of no especial interest leads us to the brow of the hill on its southern side. Here the grandeur of the Franconia range, so often touched upon in this article, and so impossible to describe, bursts upon us. The descent of this hill is

disquieting to weak nerves. A sad accident occurred here a few years ago. A heavily loaded coach was on its way from Bethlehem to the Profile House. For some reason or other, accounts differ, the horses became unmanageable and ran violently down the hill. At its foot is a sharp turn to the right, and here the coach was overturned. Behind the driver sat a lad whose father had urged his accompanying him in a mountain wagon. Eager to experience the sensation of sitting in so elevated a place as the top of a coach, he persuaded his father to go on without him. It is said that the father was so impressed with the conviction that an accident would befall his son, that as he started, he blamed himself for yielding to his entreaties, and after going a few miles exclaimed, "I cannot go farther; my boy is killed." Alighting, he went back to the scene of the accident to find the little fellow crushed to death by the heavy baggage. It is a pity that public opinion does not compel the stage-coach proprietors to adopt some other way of carrying baggage; precious lives should no longer be endangered by piling the coaches high with heavy trunks

which make the coach unwieldy and top-heavy.

Turning from this sad spot by the road to the left, we begin to ascend again, passing near the base of Round Mountain, and coming out on an eminence at the foot of Mount Agassiz. Here let us pause, for we have one of the finest views in the mountain region. Below lies the village of Bethlehem as if asleep. The meadows slope away to the north until they terminate in a forest of spruces which fills the Ammonoosuc Valley. Afar in the distance gleams Montgomery Pond, and behind the symmetrical hills of Lancaster, the wonderful peaks of Stratford seem to stand out from their veil of transparent haze. At the foot of the hill, Bethlehem is reached, and we have been "round the heater."

CHERRY VALLEY.

A ride of an hour and a half, if you drive no faster than you ought, takes you through wild and charming Cherry Valley. Turning by the Strawberry Hill House, we descend gently to the Prospect House on the left, and soon plunge down into a desolate but romantic ra-

vine. It is desirable to traverse this road in the morning, as it is then very shady, and the air delightfully fragrant from the dense shrubbery. In the season the fields are enlivened by picturesque groups of hop-pickers. The road is very circuitous, and why it was made, unless for the pleasure of Bethlehem pilgrims, is not evident. Steadily winding around to the left, it comes into the main road about midway between Bethlehem and Littleton.

ALONG THE AMMONOOSUC.

We can hardly forgive the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad for ruining the beautiful drive along the Ammonoosuc by running so near it as to make it dangerous for horses. But for the constant fear inspired by frequent trains, the road along this tortuous and melodious stream would be incomparably delightful. The road winds along its banks with only shrubs and young trees intervening. On the other side of the river, which dashes and foams over its stony bed, is an unbroken forest of stately trees, in whose solitudes fauns and dryads might lead a joyous life. Now when a society with a sounding name — the “Theoso-

phical" — is prosecuting inquiries as to the existence of creatures intermediate between man and lower animals, we may venture to give the rein to imagination and dimly discern half human shapes of wildwood denizens peering at us from behind mossy rocks and shadowing trees.

We must make the circuit in time to return to the village, and climb Strawberry Hill in season to quaff delight from the "wine of beauty," which Nature with generous hand pours out at sunset for all her lovers; when all the subtle gradations of color, from rosy gold to violet, steal along the western sky in ethereal waves, and melt into softer and tenderer shades as the sun sinks below the far mountain line. The play of color upon the White range at that hour is of wonderful and indescribable beauty.

Unlike the region of the White Mountain Notch, which is celebrated not only for its natural charms, but the hardships of its pioneer settlers, the hunting exploits of Crawford, and the Willey catastrophe, this mountain hamlet gives the gleaner of romance and adventure no noteworthy stories. One of the early set-

tlers yet lives at the advanced age of ninety-two, and likes to recall his toilsome journeys over the mountains, when he brought his stock of goods for sale, upon his back ; and his prediction, then laughed to scorn, that the time would come when a weekly stage would run to Bethlehem.

Another old man about eighty years old, of eccentric habits, is sometimes called a hermit because he lives alone, and has a collection of articles which he calls his museum. He was but a year old when his family made the seventh of the settlement ; but he too can recall nothing concerning the place more noteworthy than its gradual change from forest to tillable fields. He answers to the name of Sir Isaac Newton Gay. Like the better known Sir Isaac, he is fond of scientific speculations, but thinks it improbable "perpetooal motion" will ever be discovered. His conclusion upon his long observation of men and things is, that "all critters that God has made are always a-sarchin' and a-scrabblin' for somethin' they hain't got.'

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENTS.

The hotels and boarding-houses have been largely increased in numbers and accommodations since the charms of Bethlehem were heralded to the world, but in the height of the season the numerous houses, large and small, are insufficient for the accommodation of visitors.

One drawback to the pleasure of mountain and sea-shore visitors of late, has been the danger of epidemic diseases arising from imperfect drainage. In the midst of an ocean of pure air, typhoid fever has developed from local impurities and claimed its victims. The prevailing ignorance upon the important question of drainage, has in many beautiful spots prevented precautionary measures ; but as the verdict of science becomes more emphatic, ignorance is yearly driven backward, and country places become more healthful as landlords find their gains dependent upon the purity of their premises.

The Bethlehemites have had the wisdom and foresight to form a village improvement society, stimulated thereto by the repeated

visits of several scientific and energetic men, who, believing that this village is destined to become as famous and popular amongst mountain lovers as Newport is with the lovers of the sea, wish to see it made as healthful and safe as it is beautiful for situation. When this society shall have completed its labors, which include the laying of sidewalks and planting of trees, and when the multiplication of summer cottages shall enable visitors to command the quiet and seclusion which is to many persons the most essential element of summer rest, Bethlehem will be one of the most delightful and beloved of our many lovely summer haunts.

HAY FEVER.

As Bethlehem is the head-quarters of the Hay Fever Association, and has become the principal resort of hay-fever patients, a more extended reference to this phenomenal and rapidly spreading disease might be expected. The subject has been fully and admirably treated in a communication to the Association from its accomplished secretary, Hon. Frank B. Fay of Chelsea, Mass.

We subjoin a few extracts from this work, referring such of our readers as desire further information upon the subject to the report itself.

FROM THE REPORT OF MR. FAY.

“Hay Fever” is often otherwise called Hay Asthma, Hay Cold, and Autumnal Catarrh.

The “Rose Cold” is also called June Cold, Peach Cold, and Summer Catarrh.

The Hay Fever commences about August 20, and continues to about October 1, or till the first frost.

The Rose Cold commences late in May, and continues to July 1.

A few days' variation occurs with some patients in both diseases.

Dr. Morrill Wyman of Cambridge, Mass., a sufferer by the disease, has thoroughly investigated the subject for twenty-five years, and in 1872 published a work entitled "Autumnal Catarrh," which gives all the information then known in regard to the disease, with the experiences of a great number of patients. We shall draw freely from this book, but refer sufferers to it for more definite and valuable information. Dr. Wyman will publish a new edition in the spring of 1876.

Dr. Geo. M. Beard, 45 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York, has been more recently making investigations, and has issued circulars with fifty questions bearing on the subject, with a view to establish his theory of the nature and cause of the disease. He invites all sufferers to send for a circular, and to answer his questions. Extracts from a paper read by him at the last meeting of the Public Health Association, at Philadelphia, will appear in this circular.

Dr. Beard will publish a work on this subject in July, 1876.

Doubtless other physicians are making investigations, of which we have not been apprised.

CAUSES.

In the first place it is *not* caused by hay, and has no especial connection with it.

Dr. Wyman concludes that "we know little of the origin of the disease." He thinks it is "connected with vegetation," and the "pollen theory" doubtless is quite prevalent. "Roman Wormwood, Hog Weed, Bitter-sweet, produce paroxysms." The first named, Dr. Wyman claims to be "an active and general cause of paroxysms, but not the cause of the whole disease."

Dr. Beard states that his "investigations seem to indicate the dependence of the disease on the nervous system, and that it is evident they point to very different theories of the nature of the disease from those which are generally entertained."

Dr. Beard makes the following recommendations : —

"1. To prevent the disease. As early as

March or April the patient should begin to take a course of nervo-tonic treatment. I would recommend it to be arsenic, phosphorus in its various forms, cod liver oil, iodoform, and electricity, especially the method of general galvanization and general faridization. These remedies may be used in succession, or in alternation, or simultaneously. They will probably be most effective in cases that are especially nervous and not subject to tonic influence, and less especially to those who are strong and little nervous, and who do not suffer from general debility.

“When the disease appears, the great dependence must be on local and general tonic treatment. Dr. W. F. Hutchinson of Providence has broken up a case by central galvanization. I have relieved two cases by galvanization externally. The remedies should be used thoroughly. A few, it any, have tried a prolonged use of tonic remedies, as quinine, iron, strychnine, phosphorus, cod liver oil, general faridization and central galvanization for some months preceding the attack; and for that reason I strongly urge that treatment to the attention of all medical men everywhere who have to deal with the disease.”

EXTRACTS FROM DR. BEARD'S PAPER.

The argument in favor of the theory that the nervous system plays the most important part in the causation of hay fever is as follows : —

1. It is most frequent in nervous, or nervo-sanguine, or nervo-bilious temperaments.

2. It is most frequent in those climates where other functional nervous diseases are most frequent.

The chosen home of hay fever is the northern portion of the United States.

3. It runs in families like other nervous diseases.

4. Like other nervous diseases it is peculiar to modern civilization. Among barbarians, so far as I can learn, it does not exist. There is no evidence that it existed to any great extent prior to the present century.

5. The symptoms of the disease are very markedly of a nervous character.

6. It is powerfully under the influence of the mind. The striking periodicity of the disease is probably the result, in part, of the expectation of the patient that it will come then.

7. It is aggravated by anything that irritates the nervous system, locally or generally. Mental excitement, worry, over-toil of any kind, the odor of roses, and other flowers, hay, dried and fresh, cinders, smoke, etc., etc. — these irritating causes are simply irritating causes and nothing more; they are not the disease; they do not cause the disease; they make it worse when it exists, just as excitement or over-toil will aggravate an ordinary headache.

8. The important element in the production of the disease is heat following cold, and this same condition causes other nervous diseases. This is one prominent reason why nervous diseases are more common in the northern part of this country than in the southern.

9. As in the case of other nervous diseases, the exciting causes — that is, smoke, dust, etc., etc. — can do nothing unless they act upon a system predisposed. Hay fever is a part of the price we pay for civilization. It is a penalty for the telegraph, railroad, and printing press. It is a punishment inflicted on us for living in-doors instead of in camp.

10. Hay fever is preceded, in a certain

number of cases, at least, by a period of debility and nervous prostration in its various symptoms, all the way from several days to one, two, and three weeks.

11. Hay fever may come on in a mild form by exposure to heat or close-confined air, at any season of the year.

12. Like other nervous diseases, it acts vicariously to the nervous symptoms. Sick headache and other symptoms may leave a patient, or become milder as the hay fever appears.

13. It is benefited by the tonic influence of mountain or sea air. The notion that one entertains that the ozone of the sea and mountain air was the cause of relieving these diseases is not easy to demonstrate. It is true that abundance of ozone is a common factor in mountain and sea air, and cold also is a common factor of both mountain and sea air; and I suspect that it is the cold of the mountain and the sea air, more than the ozone, that relieves and cures nervous diseases and hay fever.

14. The remedies most beneficial in hay fever are those most beneficial in nervous diseases.

DR. WYMAN'S RECOMMENDATIONS.

Dr. Wyman says : "The treatment may be summed up as follows : —

"1. *Remain in a non-catarrhal region during the critical period.*

"2. Strengthen the system by food and tonics.

"3. Avoid dust, smoke, night-air, and the vicinity of plants known to produce a paroxysm.

"4. Dress warmly, with flannels next the skin.

"5. For the cough, mild narcotics ; various household demulcents.

"6. For asthma, smoking stramonium leaves, saltpetre, Espie cigarettes, arsenical cigarettes, inhalation of sulphuric ether, carbolic acid."

GENERAL REMARKS.

Persons once attacked seem never to escape a predisposition to it. In some it increases with age ; in others, decreases. It does not appear to shorten life. Several cases are reported of patients suffering severely, and liv-

ing till 70 to 88 years of age ; and one now living at 91 !

Patients are mostly of American birth. Persons having in-door occupations are more likely to have the disease. Farmers said to be less liable than others.

Diet has little influence. Tobacco and alcoholic liquors, negative rather than positive in effect.

EXEMPT DISTRICTS.

It is gratifying to be able to point out one sure way to avoid the suffering from the disease, and that is a residence during the period in exempt districts, or "non-catarrhal regions."

All symptoms disappear in a few hours after arrival at these places, or do not appear at all, if the patient arrives in advance.

These districts, with few exceptions, are mountainous regions, varying in height from 1,000 to 4,000 feet, although height of land alone does not seem to be the only requirement.

Constitution of the United States Hay Fever Association. Organized at Bethlehem, N. H., September 15, 1874.

Article I. This organization shall be called, "THE UNITED STATES HAY FEVER ASSOCIATION."

Art. 2. Its object shall be mutual benefit, and the seeking for information which shall serve to relieve all sufferers with Hay Fever, wherever found.

Art. 3. Any person afflicted with Hay Fever, or Rose Cold, may become a member of this Association, by signing the Constitution.

Art. 4. The officers of this Association shall consist of a President, Vice-Presidents, an Advisory Board, a Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary, and Recording Secretary.

Art. 5. It shall be the duty of each member to report to the Recording Secretary the discovery of any remedy, source of relief, or exempt district which may come to his or her knowledge during their natural life.

Art. 6. The Secretary, on receipt of such information, shall apprise each member of the Association, at their last and usual place of abode.

Art. 7. Honorary Members may be elected at any meeting of the Association.

Art. 8. The annual meeting of the Association, for the choice of Officers and other business, shall be held at Bethlehem, N. H., on the last Monday in August in each year, at 4 P. M. Other meetings may be held in September, upon the call of any six members of the Board of Government.

Art. 9. This Constitution may be amended at any annual meeting, by vote of the majority present.

Voted, Sept. 3, 1875, That each member be assessed one dollar per annum.

The Association now (1876) numbers 150 members. It has held several meetings in Bethlehem at which various remedies were suggested; and its Committee on Scientific Facts are investigating the whole subject.

The meeting for 1876 will be held in Bethlehem, August 23.

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AND

White Mountains R. R.

The Shortest, Quickest, and Pleasantest Route from all points in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, and beyond, to the mountain and lake regions of New Hampshire and Vermont.

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At *Weir's* with steamer on Lake Winnepesaukee for Centre Harbor, Wolfborough, and North Conway.

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At *Bethlehem* with stages for Bethlehem Heights.

At the *Foot of Mt. Washington* with the Mt. Washington Railway to the summit.

At *Northumberland* with the Grand Trunk Railroad.

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Swift express trains every summer, making close connections with boats and trains from New York, Philadelphia, Washington, etc.

 Excellent Dinners and Suppers provided at the Pemigewasset House, Plymouth, N. H.

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Plymouth, N. H.

SINCLAIR HOUSE,

BETHLEHEM, N. H.

DURGIN & FOX, PROPRIETORS.

A WELL-KNOWN first-class hotel. Has been greatly enlarged recently. Is the principal hotel in the town.

Transient Travel accommodated, and special arrangements made with regular boarders.

A Livery Stable connected.

Telegraph Office in the house.

MT. AGASSIZ HOUSE,

BETHLEHEM, N. H.

HENRY DANFORTH, Proprietor.

SITUATED on the heights of Bethlehem, opposite the Sinclair House. Built with particular regard for the wants of summer boarders, and has ample accommodations for sixty guests. Fine views of Mount Washington from the windows. Large and cheerful office, parlor, reception, and dining-rooms, and light, airy sleeping-rooms, single or *en suite*.

TEAMS FURNISHED.

BELLEVUE HOUSE,

DAVID S. PHILLIPS.....PROPRIETOR
BETHLEHEM, N. H.

First opened to the public July, 1875. Will reopen June 1, 1876.

This House, situated in the mountainous and beautiful village of Bethlehem, N. H., about three miles from Bethlehem Station, on the Mount Washington Branch of the Boston, Concord, Montreal, and White Mountains Railroad, offers inducements to summer boarders, superior to any pleasure resort in the country.

This House, standing on an elevated plateau at the upper approach of the main street, entirely new, and built with an especial regard to the wants of summer boarders, has ample accommodations for sixty guests. Furniture new and complete. From the cupola a full and distinct view of Mount Washington summit and trains on the Mountain Railway can be enjoyed, together with the additional scenery of the valleys and distant villages, charming sunrise and sunset views.

Horses and carriages furnished, also attentive and experienced drivers.

Arrangements for heating the rooms for guests wishing to remain during the months of September and October.

Pure milk and fresh vegetables supplied daily from a farm connected with the house.

BETHLEHEM HOUSE,

BETHLEHEM, N. H.

WM. G. BUNKER.....PROPRIETOR.

This house is new, pleasant, is on high ground,

Commands Beautiful Scenery,

HAS

PERFECT DRAINAGE AND EXCELLENT WATER.

It is only three minutes' walk from the

POST-OFFICE, CHURCH, ETC.

OAK HILL HOUSE, Littleton, N. H.

The site on which it is built has long been a favorite resort of the tourist, and commands the most beautiful and extensive views of **The White Mountains** in the State. From the piazza of the house the whole Mount Washington Range, from Moosilauk to Adams, may be plainly seen, affording one of the finest and most magnificent views in New England. Rural, picturesque, and secluded walks and retreats abound within a short distance of the house, and pleasant rides in all directions.

Being located within the precincts of one of the most flourishing villages of Northern New Hampshire, and within an easy ride of both the "Notches," and all the prominent points of interest about the White Mountains, and within ten minutes walk of the B., C., & M. Railroad Depot, it cannot fail to be regarded as an extremely desirable House for boarders and transient guests. Persons afflicted with Rose Colds or Hay Fever will here find ready relief. Livery, Laundry, and Bowling Hall connected with the house. No charge for carriage to and from the depot. Terms: \$8 to \$12 per week. Transient guests \$2.50 per day.

GEORGE FARR & CO., Proprietors.

HILL-SIDE HOME, Bethlehem, N. H.

This House will be open this season. It is located near the Post-Office, Telegraph, and Church, standing upon high ground, with perfect drainage, and is surrounded by green lawns and play grounds. From this house can be seen the whole **RANGE OF WHITE MOUNTAINS**, with Mount Washington—the monarch of them all—directly in front, while on the right, and near at hand, is Mount Agassiz, and on the left, as far as the eye can reach, is the long range of mountains ending with the Sugar Loaf peaks, making this one of the **grandest landscape pictures** to be found in the world.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES at a moment's notice, and at a fair price, to take parties to any point of interest about the mountains. The table will be supplied from the products of the farm connected with the house, and no pains will be spared to make this place a home for those who may favor me with their patronage.

ELISHA SWETT, Proprietor.

BETHLEHEM, N. H.

PROFILE HOUSE,

Franconia Notch, White Mountains, N. H.

Open from June 15 to October 1.

TAFT & GREENLEAF, Proprietors.

THIS Favorite Summer Resort, situated nineteen hundred and seventy-two feet above tide-water, is the largest hotel in New England, and has long been known and appreciated by thousands of summer visitors. The location of the hotel is well described by the Rev. Dr. Prime: "A plain of a few cleared acres in extent, in a gorge that admits the passage of a narrow carriage-way, mountains two thousand feet high rising almost perpendicularly on each side, with two lovely lakes lying under the hills and skirted with forests, has been chosen as a summer resort, and the site of a magnificent hotel, in which five hundred guests find refreshment and a cool retreat from the torrid heats that blight the world below. It is never hot at the Profile House."

Franconia Notch, in which the Profile House is located, is a pass about five miles in extent, between the western wall of Lafayette and Mount Cannon.

STARR KING says: "The narrow district thus enclosed contains more objects of interest to the mass of travellers than any other region of equal extent within the usual compass of the White-Mountain tour. In the way of rock sculpture and waterfalls, it is a huge museum of curiosities. There is no spot usually visited in any of the valleys where the senses are at once impressed so strongly and so pleasantly with the wildness and freshness which a stranger instinctively associates with mountain scenery in New Hampshire. There is no other spot where the visitor is domesticated amid the most savage and startling forms in which cliffs and forest are combined. And yet there is beauty enough intermixed with the sublimity and the wildness to make the scenery permanently attractive, as well as grand and exciting."

W. C. PRIME says: "The grandeur of evening in Franconia Notch is beyond all words, — nay, is beyond human ability to appreciate. There are higher mountains, deeper ravines, more precipitous cliffs in the world, but nowhere in my wanderings have I found such lights as the departing sun leaves on the white hills of New Hampshire. . . . No capacity for enjoyment is sufficient to appreciate the variety and change of the sunset and evening lights in the Franconia Notch; and though one has seen them a thousand times, he sees them each evening with new and sober delight, sometimes rising into awe."

LIVERY STABLE,

BETHLEHEM, N. H.

CLARK BROTHERS, PROPRIETORS.

THIS Stable is one of the largest and best appointed in New Hampshire.

A large assortment of mountain wagons, coaches, carryalls, buggies, and buckboards held in readiness. More than fifty horses in use during the season, including many excellent saddle horses.

 Especial care taken in the selection of careful drivers.

HUNTOON BROTHERS, Grocers, AND DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES,

Crockery and Glassware, Canned Fruit,
Confectionery, etc.

BETHLEHEM, N. H.

Nearly opposite the Strawberry Hill House.

STRAWBERRY HILL HOUSE,

BETHLEHEM, N. H.

J. K. BARRETT, Proprietor.

THIS is one of the largest and finest houses in Bethlehem. It is situated at the base of the beautiful eminence known as

STRAWBERRY HILL,

in the pleasantest part of the village, and is kept by the former proprietor of the well-known Howard House. Has been opened two years, and has been full throughout each season.

THAYER'S HOTEL, LITTLETON, N. H.

THIS first-class popular House is still owned and kept by the subscriber, whose experience as a hotel-keeper enables him to make his house as pleasant a resort for summer tourists as can be found in the vicinity of the White Mountains. The house being nearly new, lighted with gas throughout, and located in the central part of the village, with delightful surroundings, it possesses that peculiarly *home-like* character so desirable to those who wish to sojourn for a time among the magnificent mountains and charming scenery of this "Switzerland of America."

It is a convenient resting place for the night, as all can just as well have a comfortable night's sleep as to be hurried to the hills, the through ticket being good for the next day. It is much better to wait until morning before going to the mountains, as the chance for obtaining good rooms at the mountain hotels is altogether better than at night. This is an important fact, and travelers should bear it in mind.

Free Coach to and from the cars for patrons of the house.
The best of *Livery Accommodations* to be had at all times.

H. L. THAYER, Prop'r.

LITTLETON, N H July 10, 1876.



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